

## QUINN CANDIDATE FOR COMMISSIONER

ANNOUNCED CANDIDACY YESTERDAY IN COMMISSIONER DISTRICT NO. 2.

Thomas J. Quinn, for six years a resident property holder at Tulsa and a life-long Democrat, yesterday announced himself a candidate for the democratic nomination for commissioner No. 2. Mr. Quinn is heavily interested in Tulsa realty and he believes the tax payers a careful business administration. He favors the city ordinance of an election. He advocates a field enforcement of all the city ordinances, thus upholding good government. He states that his sole ambition in seeking the office is to make Tulsa a better place to live in. Mr. Quinn is a life-long Democrat and has identified himself with the party with fervor, both here and in St. Louis, his former home.

## Wanted Money to Hush

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Based on her \$10,000 business and Senator Quinn. A number of depositions of this case are in a book, were taken in American, Oklahoma and Kentucky. Judge Clark early in the trial made a ruling that he would not allow evidence of specific acts of immorality on the part of either plaintiff or defendant, and this rule he followed this afternoon.

State Senator Tom McMechen of Oklahoma City testified this afternoon of having introduced Mrs. Bond to Senator Quinn at the Shreveport in January, 1913. Mrs. Bond immediately introduced the subject of a place for her husband, and Senator McMechen, said Senator Quinn answered:

"I am sorry but I don't know that I can do anything for your husband."

## THE STORY OF "THE PINK LADY"

Louise Gordon was introduced to Angelle, but she had grave suspicions in her mind as to Louise's identity. She suspected that his feeling for Angelle, the Pink Lady, was not so good as they should have been in view of his relations to her, and it was therefore "up to Louise" to dispel her doubts.

Now, in the Rue St. Honore lived a quiet, pleasant, little dealer in antiques named Pauline. Pauline, and in promising him a valuable antique box which would complete a collection he had been making for some time a little Louise got his consent to marry her.

Angelle had heard that the real Pauline was responsible for Louise's flirtations with Claudine, and Louise had refused to introduce her to Pauline, but she told her that he was not

## A Scene From "The Pink Lady" Musical Comedy at The Grand Theatre

Next Tuesday, February 17th, Both Matinee and Night Performances



## LOOK FOR MISSING MUSKOGEE MAN HERE

ALLEGED HE LEFT WITH DIAMOND BELONGING TO SOCIETY GIBB.

A thorough search was made last night by police officers for E. A. Gibb, former employee of the Tulsa News company of Muskogee, who left that city last Wednesday supposedly with a diamond ring and some money belonging to Miss Floyd, a prominent young society leader here. He is wanted in Muskogee for shipping a diamond ring of \$75 and also for having stolen \$25 from Tom Crowther and selling his job to a farmer for \$100. A warrant was issued for Gibb yesterday for his arrest. Police here say that the man is not in Tulsa.

Phes Cured in 6 to 14 days. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, blind, bleeding or sore throat. First application gives relief. 20c.

## WILL SEGREGATE THE LEWD WOMEN OF CITY

POLICE EXPECT ORDERS TO SEGREGATE WOMEN AT AN EARLY DATE.

Action toward segregating female inmates in rooming houses of the city started by the Council of Women, at their last meeting, will likely be carried out, according to the city police. The flocking of the women of the underworld to rooming houses in the business section of the city has resulted in contaminating the lodging places to such an extent that it is almost impossible to find a respectable lodging house in Tulsa, according to the view taken by the Council of Women.

Members of the organization yesterday said they were glad to know that the city police would also be in driving all such women to the segregated district.

World Wants Get Results

## ALL RUSHING TO THE RESCUE

Rescue Center to Aid Two Stranded Steamers

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 4.—Hurry to the assistance of stranded schooners, two steaming north, are proceeding in opposite directions tonight. The rescue center is en route to assist the schooner Bayard Harbison in danger 25 miles southwest of Diamond Shoals lightship, and the rescue center is en route to assist the schooner Bayard Harbison in danger 25 miles southwest of Diamond Shoals lightship. The latter vessel is reported to be in a critical condition. She is commanded by Captain E. D. Sewall.

## TYLER RESIGNS FRISCO

General Manager Will Be Succeeded by Ed Levy on First of March.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 14.—The resignation of W. T. Tyler, general manager of the St. Louis and San Francisco railway, was announced at the general offices of the road today.

Ed Levy, assistant general manager, will succeed him. The change is effective March 1.

## OIL PRODUCER IS TO BE A CANDIDATE

W. E. HANCOCK WILL OPPOSE ANGLE JAY FOR COMMISSIONER.

Edna Jay Fannin is to have opposition in the first ward for the nomination on the Democratic ticket. Mr. W. E. Hancock, an oil producer, announced himself as candidate for the Democratic nomination for commissioner from that part of the city yesterday, and his friends say, will make a strong candidate. Mr. Hancock was 34 years of age yesterday, so he turned over a new leaf and entered the political field for the first time in his life, other than a voter and onlooker. He has been engaged in the oil business for the past 18 years, having come to the Oklahoma fields from Illinois. He was born in Old Kentucky—an incident that foretells his success in politics if the success of other Kentucky men in Tulsa is any indication.

## ELECT OFFICERS OF THE NEWSBOYS CLUB

CLUB IS PREPARING TO OPEN CLUB ROOMS IN NEAR FUTURE.

At the election of officers of the recently organized Newsboys Club yesterday afternoon Stan Miller, King of the Newsboys was elected president and Walter White Flowers was elected as his first lieutenant. Although Miller is the club's president, he is not the president of the club. Miller is the president of the club and Walter White Flowers is the first lieutenant. Miller is the president of the club and Walter White Flowers is the first lieutenant. Miller is the president of the club and Walter White Flowers is the first lieutenant.

President Miller has made arrangements for the opening of the new clubhouse of an up-to-date newsboys club. It will be fitted up with all the latest appliances as well as all the books and magazines.

The newly elected president said last night that several prominent local men would be asked to deliver addresses before his army of young newsboys as soon as the club is opened.

## BULL MOOSE COUNTY CONVENTION, FEB 19

CALL FOR MASS MEETING IN DISTRICT COURT ROOM ISSUED YESTERDAY.

A mass convention of progressives for Thursday afternoon, February 19, was called yesterday by Progressive State Committeeman Frank Newkirk. The convention will be held in the district court room at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. All bull moose, democratic republicans and persons of every other political faith are invited to take part and no credentials will be asked.

The object of the convention is to elect delegates to the state convention to be held in Oklahoma City, February 25, and to organize the bull moose party in this county. Whether the progressives will attempt to place a ticket in the field in the coming city and county elections will also come up for discussion at the meeting.

World Wants Get Results

The mother dropped down on the edge of the bed, beamed over and tenderly kissed the pale lips of her daughter, while neither said a word. It may have been five minutes before either spoke, and then it was the trembling voice of the mother.

"Don't you think that we had better get some fresh glories this morning, Fannie?"

The daughter had renewed life. The sunken veins on her arms extended with the pounding blood. She sat up. "Mother," she said in a firm voice, "we must go over to the Academy this morning—they'll let us into the storage-room—and see my painting. Then you can go home, and I will be well. Don't you see how much better I am today?"

"Why, Fannie—" "Yes, we shall," repeated the daughter with emphasis.

I waited for them in the front parlor. What to do now that my little deceit would surely be discovered, I did not know. It pained me through and through to think that the artist must know. When they came out, with the mother insisting that the daughter use her arm, I had never seen so ruddy a glow on the artist's face. Her step, too, was light and swinging.

The sun, in the splendor of early morning, was beaming over the long line of roofs. "It is so glorious to be out in the morning," said Frances.

"Just at this time the glories on the trellis at home are at their best," murmured the mother quietly.

It happened as they were picking our way over a crossing. An automobile came careering down the street, and whizzed by us with a mad, clattering rush. I am not sure that it struck her at all, for a breath of air would have blown her over. Before we could reach her, she scattered and fell. The hemorrhage set in before the hospital was reached.

I told the other students at the League how it was; although many of us were struggling against the wolf that always prowls close to an art-student's door, it was a liberal collection.

At the station, two days later, I helped the mother onto the train, and sat quietly in the seat with her until the guard's last warning. "See, I have it," she said, with a sad smile, taking her trembling hand from mine, and fumbling in her little black satchel for the letter. "When I get back home I shall have it framed and keep it always. Keep it always."



She looked up, her eyes a little frightened, glanced to see if I was in earnest, and then murmured, "I think that if the model had his head turned just a little more it would give me a sharper outline."

After class that evening she busied herself filling away her drawings and washing out her brush-bristles until all the students had gone. "That is the best pose I have had," said she quietly. "I hope to get a good study."

"If you will come down nearer the 'chrome' you can get a better place," I suggested. "You sit back there in the corner more than your share."

"I know, but all the other students are so anxious to get close down that I don't like—well, you see, I can make up for it by working hard."

I looked at her as she stood there under the tin-hooded gas-lamps, and my attention held on the shadow lines that were settling themselves into the corners of her pleasant eyes, and on the plaintive turn to her mouth. It was the face of one who has struggled long, of one who has not yet tasted of the first fruits of success. As she slipped the gloves onto her thin fingers, I saw that the tip of one had burst through the knitted fabric, and turned her finger down while I glanced carefully away.

"Have you been in the League long?" she asked, in a soft voice, as she tucked the portfolio under her arm.

"This is my third year," I told her. "This is not just year in New York," she explained, gently, her eyes catching mine to see that I understood all in the right spirit. "But I went two years to an art school in Omaha. Most of my work had to be done at night. Then I missed a year while I taught in Lincoln. But I got more money there. This year I am in New York. That is all there is to it." She paused, and looked down at her gloves, while almost a sigh escaped her. "But New York is not what I thought it was—or, I mean, what I hoped it would be. It is wonderful here, though, with so many—so many—everything. I don't mind the noise and rush and hurry—I expected that much—but don't the

used to draw when she was a girl, but the hard years on the farm—and father never believed in art. I inherited my ability—my taste from my mother. She is so proud of me! But, sometimes, I fear that I am not advancing. You know what that awful feeling is. It is not a feeling after all—it is a big, bony hand always grabbing at one. It makes me start from my sleep."

"But I know that you are making progress," I told her, although I kept my eyes aside.

I led her to her locker where we went over her work. I compared her first attempt with the one that she had just finished that week, pointing out how the tone was richer, how the composition held together better, and the professional minutiae. Her face grew brighter, life seemed to radiate from her eyes, and her whole body became taut with energy. She tremblingly held out a study in oil.

"What do you think of it?" "I believe oil is your field."

"Do you think so? I am so glad. That is the medium that mother wants me to work in. Do you think I can?"

"Two or three students from the Academy of Design for the Spring Exhibition."

"In the Academy?" I exclaimed in astonishment. Then I caught the meaning on her face, and carefully worded my answer. "Why, yes, you might. Two or three students from the Academy do each year. But, usually, they have been here three or four years."

"But I went to an art school in Omaha two years before I came here," she replied.

"Have you anything started?" "Oh, yes," she answered with eagerness.

"It is in my room. I work on it Saturday afternoons, and of mornings. It is of two girls, bright-faced, sitting in comfortable, home-like rockers in the corner of a porch of an old-fashioned house. All over the trellis are morning-glories—big, deep, blue morning-glories. I call it 'The Glories of the Morning.' Do you see how appropriate the title is? I have written mother all about it. She knows that it is my best, but she doesn't know that I am going to submit it to the Academy."

"I want it to be a big surprise. I will bring it over some day, that you may see it. But you won't tell any one of my intention to submit it, will you?"

It was a month later that she caught me in the hall, and said, with her eyes brightening, "It's done, and I have brought it over. I will show it to you tonight—when all the rest are gone."

As carefully as if it were the most precious jewel in the world, she drew it out of her locker, her eyes snapping, her thin fingers clutching with suppressed emotion, she came running toward me with the stiff-framed canvas holding it backside to me. "Are you ready?" she called. "All right, then—now!"

She whirled the painting around, and leaned forward, her eyes on my face. So pitiful and quivering was her stood there, her pallid cheek so out of place with its unaccustomed glow that I could scarcely turn my eyes to the faint canvas.

"Oh," I exclaimed in planned surprise, throwing out my arms as if I would embrace it.

"Oh, how do you like it?" "Fine, excellent," I answered with an attempt at feeling. "It means something. It has timber. It is a painting."

Her eyes glowed, and her breathing became slow as she hung on my words. It gave me a deep rush of feeling to see her so affected; then I began to understand how much it really meant to her. I wished that I could go on for an hour with my eulogy, thus giving her new life.

"But, don't you think that just a touch of brown would give that porch-post more of an old, dead appearance?" I asked, in a critical voice.

She leaned the drawing against a chair-back, and surveyed it from a distance. "I believe it would," she said finally, as if her own fate hung in the change.

From the window of the League studio I watched her tripping to her room. Her step was light and buoyant, quite in contrast to the heavy ones that every morning dragged her up the stairs. After she turned a corner I stood looking thoughtfully out the window for half an hour.

Six of us students submitted work for a hanging in the Spring Exhibition. On the day that the paintings were to be sent to the jury of selection, Frances Willshire brought her framed canvas to the League studio.

"I spent five dollars for a frame," I said, studying the rival oils. "I think it looks just as well, though. The jury won't consider the frame."

I could not persuade her to go to lunch that noon; she spent the whole time surveying the contesting paintings.

"You see I have signed my name 'Frances Willshire,'" she confided. "But everybody back home calls me 'Fannie.' Mother always calls me Fannie, too, but I don't think that would look dignified enough in the Academy. I do wish that mother could be here to see 'The Glories of the Morning' in the Academy, with a number on the tag in the corner, and my name in the handbook."

One day, three weeks later, a messenger handed me a note. It was in the stamped, fateful-looking hand of my friend, it said:

"I am ill, but only temporarily. If you can spare a minute, will you mind calling on me? If you haven't the time you need not mind, only I wish to hear about 'The Glories of the Morning.'"

I found her number in a frowning row of houses, in walking distance of the League. The landlady answered the button, on the fourth floor. "Ah," she said, "my girl is sicker than she knows. She is so thin and so uncomplaining."

here room to a bunch of morning-glories in a drinking-glass on the center-table. Her eyes followed mine eagerly. "You see, I order them from the greenhouse every morning," she explained. "They are a kind of inspiration. They are mine and mother's favorite flowers. That is why I put them into my painting. I like this room, too," turning appreciatively upon the landlady. "It is quiet back here, and these two windows let in lots of light for my work. I am not really sick at all, only when I set to work it makes me cough, and I become tired. But I will be over in a few days. Have you heard from my—our paintings?"

Her quivering little fingers clung to the edge of the frayed coverlet, as I shifted for an answer. "I had the best dream last night," she hurried on, as she caught something of the cloud on my face. "I dreamed that I was in the Academy on the first day of the exhibit, when I saw a whole group of people gathered around a drawing. I hurried to the edge, and what painting do you suppose it was? Yes, yes—'The Glories of the Morning.' But wasn't that a foolish dream?"

As I left, Mrs. Regan followed me into the old hall. "Miss Glory is there, as I call her," she said briskly. "Is much worse than she knows. I wrote her mother yesterday. This picture that she keeps going on about—can't you do something to ease her mind for a while? It won't be for long, I fear, poor girl."

A note came a few days later telling me that her mother had arrived, asking me to call for her no longer than a minute. I compared the hand with that of the first letter, and could read the pitiful story.

I hurried to the clerk of the Academy and borrowed an envelope and a letter-head. I did not give myself time to think of the right or wrong of it, but addressed her a letter in care of the Art League informing that her oil had been accepted. The following early morning, with the letter gone through the mails, I hurried to her number. "Oh!" she cried with a little note of joy. "Mother, this is Mr. Harding, that I have told you so much about."

The mother gave me a soft, fragile hand, and led me to the bedside. Mrs. Willshire was only an older and a more withered morning-glory.

"Do you know," began the artist, trying to draw herself up to her elbows. "That I had the same dream again last night. Only this time there were lots and lots of people around the painting."

Tremblingly I drew the post-marked letter from my pocket. Her eyes fastened on it, and began to flash with joy. "Oh, mother," she whispered, "You read—read it quick."

The mother felt nervously around on the table a moment for her glasses, and in a quivering, halting voice read my letter.

"Dear Miss Willshire: The chairman of the jury of selection asks me to notify you that your painting, 'The Glories of the Morning,' has been accepted for a hanging in the Spring Exhibition. Very truly, 'THE CLERK.'"